

DELL
Exciting
Adventure

OCT. - DEC.

Still 10¢

JOHNNY YUMA'S JOURNAL

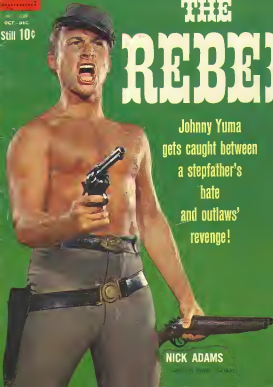
THE

REBEL

Johnny Yuma
gets caught between
a stepfather's
hate
and outlaws'
revenge!

NICK ADAMS

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY





THE REBEL

BLACK EAGLE



Three outlaws try to get Johnny Yuma to join their band . . . but he promptly makes better enemies of them!



Next day, after sleeping at a nearby ranch, he meets the outlaws again. This time they hold the upper hand!

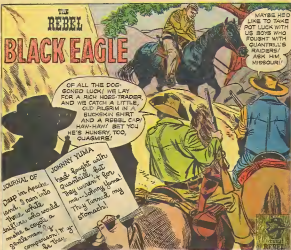
JOHNNY YUMA'S ORPHAN



Johnny rescues an Apache child from two bullying cowboys . . . but doesn't know what to do with the youngster



By protecting an Apache, however small, he lets himself in for bad trouble—from whites and Indians alike!



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AND THEN YOU CAN RIDE ON! SADDLE-TRAMPS OR OUTLAWS-IT MAKES NO DIFFERENCE TO MY BUFFALO GUN--OR TO MY HUSBAND, MR.WINSOUD! HE'LL BE AROUND!



"I FELT SORRY FOR THAT WOMAN! WHEN THE MIX OF HUMAN KINDNESS GOES SOUR,IT SMELLS PRETTY LOUD, BUT IT COULDN'T SPOIL MY DRINK!"



HOWDY! I AM! YOUR HORSE LOOKS BEAT. YOU'RE "REBEL." I'VE GOT SOMETHING I WINSOUD COULD TRADE YOU FOR HIM--SOMETHING MIGHTY GOOD. AN YOU'VE GOT ANY CASH TO GIVE "TO BOOT?" IF NOT, YOU CAN DO LIKE MINNRY SAYS--RIDE ON!



YOU ARE PRETTY TIRED, POW! I WOULDN'T SELL YOU--BUT I COULD USE AN EXTRA HORSE TO GIVE YOU A REST!



"I DIDN'T LIKE WINSOUD'S LOOKS ANY BETTER THAN HIS WIFE'S--BUT HIS OFFER TO TRADE GAVE ME AN IDEA..."

YES, SIR! I'M SURE WE CAN MAKE A DEAL! ER--WHAT IS YOUR NAME, SIR?



JOHNNY YUMA! WHAT HAVE YOU GOT TO SHOW ME WINSOUD?

THERE'S THE HORSE FOR YOU, MR. YUMA! YOUNG, STRONG, SPIRITED BUT GENTLE--SO GENTLE EVEN A GIRL LIKE SALLY CAN RIDE HIM BACKSACK!



"THE COLOR OF A TWENTY DOLLAR GOLD PIECE" WORKED LIKE MAGIC ON WINSOUD'S MANNERS!



LOOK AT HIS ACTION—HIS FIRE! AND HE HASN'T A SINGLE FAULT! A GAIT LIKE A
BOARING EAGLE! BLACK EAGLE—THAT'S HIS NAME! AND HE'S YOURS, MR. YUMA—
FOR TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS!



UNCLE SHAY! YOU CAN'T SELL BLACK
EAGLE! HE'S MINE! GRANDPA DAVID GAVE
HIM TO ME AS A TERNY COLT!



I'VE FED HIM FOR FIVE YEARS, GIRL! AND
I'VE RED AND LOGGED YOU— MY WIFE'S
ORPHANED STEP-NEEDS—FOR NOTHING!
YOU OWE ME THE DRESS ON YOUR BACK!

THAT'S NOT SO!



I'VE DONE YOUR DIRTIEST CHORES—AND MOST
OF 'UNT MHEAVY'S—SINCE I CAME HERE—I'VE
EARNED MY KEEP AND BLACK EAGLE'S DRESS!



CLOSE YOUR MOUTH, OR I'LL
CLOSE IT FOR YOU, GIRL! GET
INTO THE HOUSE—QUICK!

ALL—ALL
RIGHT! BUT
DON'T YOU
DARE SELL
BLACK EAGLE!





DON'T YOU RECKON
RUNNING AWAY IS KIND
OF FOOLISH--FOR
A YOUNG GIRL ALONE,
SALLY? IN APACHE
TERRITORY?

NO! I WON'T BE
ALONE--WITH BLACK
EAGLE! HE'LL PRO-
TECT ME! HE CAN
OUTRUN ANY APACHE
HORSE!



ARE YOU
GOING TO
TRY TO
STOP ME
MR. YUMBA?

NO, MA'AM! IT'S NONE OF MY
BUSINESS, SO LONG AS YOU KNOW
WHAT YOU'RE DOING! BUT YOU'LL
NEED LUCK--LOTS OF IT!



SO THAT'S WHAT YOU'RE UP TO, GIRL!
STEALING MY HORSE? YOU'LL NEED MORE
THAN LUCK TO DOBBE WHAT'S COMING
TO YOU NOW! MR. YUMBA WILL SURELY
SPOT YOU! GET INTO THE HOUSE!

NO!



SIT--YEAH!



ARRREE--UNNN!

YOU BLACK
RECKON I'LL KILL
YOU!



YOU WILL NOT!







GO ON, PATCH--GET TWO MORE HORSES--GOOD ONES--FROM THE PASTURE! AND SWITCH SADDLES!



HE'LL NEVER RIDE BLACK BEAUTY! NEVER, NEVER, NEVER!

I BELIEVE YOU, SALLY! AND MAYBE THAT WILL BE THE BREAK WE NEED--WHEN HE GETS ON!



HERE'S THE BEST TWO I COULD FIND, MISSOURI!



ALL RIGHT! HOLD THEM, PATCH--TILL I WORK THE KINKS OUT OF THIS SHORTY BLACK! THEN WE CAN FINISH WITH THE FLOozy AND HIS FRIENDS--AND RIDE!



NOW, YOU BLACK BEAUTY--WE'LL GET ACQUAINTED!

FORGONY!



DARK-RR-UP!



"AND AS HE CAME DOWN, BLACK EAGLE SPUN ABOUT, LASHING OUT WITH BOTH REINS! BY THE SOUNDS, BONES WERE BROKEN!"





I CAN'T SAY I LIKE BEING BARTERED FOR OUTLAW, MR. YUMA-- BUT MAYBE IT WAS THE ONLY WAY!

LOOK SALLY--JOKING ASIDE--MAYBE YOU ANY PLANS? I'LL SEE YOU SAFE TO ANY PLACE YOU WANT TO GO, BUT--WASN'T YOU GOT ANY RELATIONS BESIDES MRS. WYATT?

NO RELATIVE I KNOW OF, MR. YUMA! I HEAR THERE'S LOTS OF FAMILIES HEADING FOR CALIFORNIA--... MAYBE I COULD FIND SOME DECENT FOLKS AMONG THEM-- TO TRAVEL WITH AND WORK MY WAY!



"CALIFORNIA WAS A LONG WAY OFF, AND EMIGRANT TRAILS DIDN'T PASS THROUGH EVERY ROCK! BESIDES, IT DIDN'T SEEM RIGHT FOR ME--A STRANGER--TO BE TRAVELING FOR DAYS WITH A LONE GIRL! BUT I WAS CAUGHT-- I'D MADE A PROMISE--RAIN OR SHINE!"



OH, I LOVE IT! I LOVE IT, JOHNNY YUMA! THE WILD, WILD FREEDOM OF A STORM! SO DOES BLACK EAGLE!



"THE STORM BROKE AND ADDED TO THE GLOOM OF MY THOUGHTS--BUT IT DELIGHTED SALLY!-- EVEN THE BLACK STALLION SEEMED TO ENJOY IT!"

LOOK THERE, SALLY--THAT WAGON IS STUCK--AND THE CREEK IS SURE TO RISE AND SWAMP IT! SOME LONE EMIGRANT FAMILY!

CAN'T WE HELP THEM?





"ALL AT ONCE THE HORSE'S BACKS DROPPED. WE BEAT THE BAKING WATER WITH NOTHING TO LOSE!"



"WE'RE OUT!"

"YOU TWO SAVED OUR OUTRIT, STRANGER--AND OUR LIVES! I DON'T RIGHTLY KNOW HOW TO THANK YOU--MY NAME'S STEVENS!"

"SIR, BR--MY SISTER, SALLY, AND HER BLACK HORSE THE CREDIT, SIR! THEY'RE WORTH A TEAM! OUR NAME IS YUMA!"

"YUM! THIS ONE HAS A STRAINED SHOULDER... BACK! AND THAT SURE PUTS US ALL IN A BAD FIX! THE WAGON'S TOO HEAVY FOR THREE HORSES! WE COULD CAMP HERE A FEW DAYS..."

"DON'T TRY IT, MR. STEVENS! APACHES ARE LIFTING SCOUTS--WILD BRAVES ESCAPED FROM THE RESERVATION!"



"IT SUDDENLY STRUCK ME THAT SALLY'S GOOD REPUTATION CALLED FOR ME TO BE HER FAMILY! IN A WAY, IT WAS NO LIE..."



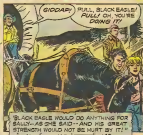
"YOU'D DO BETTER, MR. TO LEAVE SOME OF YOUR LOAD AND GO ON WITH THREE HORSES..."

"I RECKON YOU'RE RIGHT, MR. YUMA! WE'LL DITCH MOST OF OUR FURNITURE HERE... WE'LL NEVER GET IT TO CALIFORNIA!"



"JOHNNY, PLEASE TELL ME... WOULD IT BE PROPER FOR ME TO OFFER THE BORN BLACK SABLE AND I COULD DO, IF THEY'D LET US GO TO CALIFORNIA WITH THEM? THEY'RE DECENT FOLKS!"

"I BELIEVE YOU'RE RIGHT, SALLY--AND IT WOULD BE PROPER! SHALL I SPEAK TO THEM FOR YOU--AS YOUR BROTHER?"



THE
REBEL

JOHNNY YUMA'S ORPHAN

DEEP IN APACHE LAND
I CAME ON THE REMAINS
OF THREE INDIAN
WICKIUPS...



THE RAIDERS HAD SHOES ON THEIR HORSES--
SO THEY WERE WHITE MEN! WHITE MEN WHO
WOULDN'T EVEN BURY THE DEAD!



THE INDIANS WERE EATING STOLEN
BEEF...AND THE ASHES AT THE BOTTOM
ARE A LITTLE HARD--SO IT MUST HAVE
HAPPENED TWO NIGHTS AGO--MAYBE
NOT THAT LONG!



NOW AT LEAST, THE COYOTES WON'T
SEE THEM! NO USE PUTTING UP A WHITE
MAN'S GRAVE MARKER...THEY
WOULDN'T WANT THAT!



PUT IT THIS WAY...BETWEEN THREE
CON-STRUNG ARCHES...AND THE
MEN WHO MASSACRED THEM THERE
IS LITTLE TO CHOOSE! THEY'RE ALL
SAVAGES...VICTIMS OF THE LIE THAT
ENEMIES...HAVE NO RIGHTS.

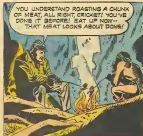


WITH NO SHOVEL AT HAND, I CAME IN THE
SIDE OF A DRY WASH FOR A GRAVE...













CRICKET, SOMETIMES I'M PLUMB ASHAMED OF
BEING A GROWN-UP HUMAN BEING!

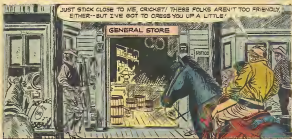


THERE'S A WHITE MAN'S TOWN--OR
SORTS! PROBABLY IT'S GOT A STORE!



JUST STICK CLOSE TO ME, CRICKET! THESE FOLKS AIN'T TOO FRIENDLY
EITHER--BUT I'VE GOT TO DRESS YOU UP A LITTLE!

GENERAL STORE



HELL! WILL YOU LOOK AT THAT!
HE'S GOT AN APACHE PUP!



I'D APPRECIATE YOU BENTS KEEPING YOUR
REMARKS TO YOURSELVES--AND THANK YOU
KNOW! THE YOUNGSTER IS
SCARED ENOUGH AS IT IS!









WE'LL GET UP AMONGST THOSE TREES
BY SUNDOWN AND MAKE CAMP, PARTNER!



GOOD BOY, CRICKET! HE'LL BE
COOKING SUPPER IN
TWO SHAKES!



YOU TEND FIRE WHILE I UNSADDLE --OH-BO--
AND REASST OUR HORSES!



HERE'S WHAT'S LEFT OF THE
JACK RABBIT --AND SOME BRISQUITS!
WE DIDN'T STOP LONG ENOUGH IN
TOWN TO BUY SOME CRIS!

USH!



CRUELTY...IS A UNIVERSAL HUMAN
TRAIT, OR DISEASE. IT IS BORN OF
HATRED...AND HATRED IS BORN OF
FEAR--WHICH THE WATER DON'T
ADAPT! WHY SHOULD THE STRONG--
ARMED OR WHITE--BE CRUEL TO
THE HELPLESS?



I RECKON THAT'S ENOUGH RUMMY
LITTLE MARKS IN THIS LITTLE OLD
JOURNAL, CRICKET! LET'S TURN IN.

USH!









YOU ARE
HELPLESS!
WHY I NOT
KILL YOU-
NOW?

BECAUSE THAT WOULD BE
ADMITTING YOU ARE AFRAID
OF ME! YOU'RE NOT AFRAID
OF ME, ARE YOU, CHIEF?



PICK UP YOUR
PAPER, THOUGHTS!
MAYBE WE SAY
YOUR HORSE!

I HOPE NOT!
BUT THE MAIN THING
IS TO FIND A HOME
FOR CRICKET, HERE!



YOUR VILLAGE? WHY DO YOU
BRING ME HERE, CHIEF?

TO FIND OUT IF YOU ARE A SPY! HE TALK
WITH ALL MY BRAVES! IF YOU ARE ENEMY,
YOU WILL DIE!



TALK WITH THE SMALL ARACHE BOY! FIND
OUT TRUTH ABOUT THIS WHITE MAN! THEN
COME AND TELL ME! AND TELL THE OTHER
SQUADS TO OFFER THE WHITE
MAN NO HARM-YET!

YAH-TEH!



NOW I LEARN YOUR THOUGHTS--
READ MORE! IF YOUR TONGUE IS
NOT STRAIGHT, I WILL KNOW!

FAIR
ENOUGH, CHIEF!

"LATER, AFTER THE CHIEF HAD READ MY JOURNAL..."

THIS O' WARRIORS OF MY PEOPLE, IS A STRANGE THING--A WHITE MAN WITHOUT FEAR! HE FOUGHT OTHER WHITE MEN FOR THE LIFE OF THIS APACHE BOY--AND BROUGHT THE BOY BACK TO HIS PEOPLE! HIS THOUGHTS ARE STRAIGHT! SHALL HE LIVE-- OR DIE?

LET HIM LIVE! AND LET HIM GO ON HIS OWN HORSE--WITH HIS OWN WEAPONS! LET HIM GO NOW! XAWATEN!

TAKE BACK YOUR THOUGHTS, WHITE MAN! THEY ARE STRANGE THOUGHTS, BUT THEY ARE HONEST! YOUR HORSE IS READY--OVER THERE! WE WILL KEEP THE SMALL BOY!

THAT'S WHAT I WANTED, CHIEF!

HERE, CRICKET--I ALMOST FORGOT THE KNIFE I BOUGHT FOR YOU! AND... SO LONG!

YAW-TEH
SH-EEH EH
NAHALIN!

A PLEDGE



TO PARENTS

The Dell Trademark is, and always has been, a positive guarantee that the comic magazine bearing it contains only clean and wholesome entertainment. The Dell code eliminates entirely, rather than regulates, objectionable material. That's why when your child buys a Dell Comic you can be sure it contains only good fun. "DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS" is our only credo and constant goal.

THE REBEL QUANTRILL'S RAIDERS



QUANTRILL'S RAIDERS WERE THE LARGEST BODY OF CONFEDERATE IRREGULARS, OR SUBVILLAS, IN MISSOURI—TRAINED BY WILLIAM CLARKE QUANTRILL IN THE ARTS OF MURDER, BUTCHERY, THEFT AND ARSON AFTER THE WAR SOME OF THEM KEPT UP THEIR BLOODY BUSINESS—AS OUTLAWS.



IN SIXTEEN-YEAR-OLD JESSE JAMES QUANTRILL—A FORMER TEACHER—FOUND A RURAL SQUAD TO LEARN HORSE-STEALING AND BLOODSHED.



JESSE AND HIS GANG ARE SAID TO HAVE ROBBED \$200,000 FROM BANKS AND TRAINS ONE BANK YIELDED HIM \$17,000.



NOT ALL OF QUANTRILL'S RAIDERS TURNED OUT LAW SOME ARE KNOWN TO HAVE BECOME PEACE OFFICERS, LAW-ABIDING, HONORED CITIZENS.



ONE OF THE EX-RAIDERS BECAME A CLERGYMAN AFTER THE WAR—A MAN PLEDGED TO FIGHT EVIL IN ITS EVERY FORM.

THE REBEL

MEAT HUNTERS



WHEN THE UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD PUSHED ITS RAILS THROUGH THE GREAT AMERICAN WEST THE BRAVY LABORERS WHO BUILT IT NEEDED MEAT--COUNTLESS TONS OF MEAT--IN THEIR DAILY DIETS.



AND MEAT THERE WAS IN ABUNDANCE--ON THE HOOF! BUT THE LABOR GANGS HAD NO TIME TO HUNT AND BUTCHER IT.



MEAT HUNTERS, LIKE YOUNG 'BUFFALO BILL' CODY, FOUND A PROFITABLE BUSINESS READY-MADE FOR THEM! MOSTLY THEY HUNTED ON FOOT.



IN ROUGH CARTS THEY HAULED THE DRESSED MEAT TO THE RAILROAD CAMPS, KEEPING A SHARP WATCH FOR INDIANS--WHO MIGHT ATTACK!



SOMETIMES THEY HUNTED ON HORSEBACK--RISKING DEATH FROM WOUNDED BEASTS, BUT A MAN COULD EARN A HUNDRED DOLLARS A DAY.